THE

Friſky Songſter.

BEING A

Choice Collection of the Neweſt SONGS,

SUNG this and the laſt SEASON,

At Vauxhall, Ranelaugh, Marybone, and other Places of Public Entertainment.

CONTAINING,

I. The Iriſh MAID.
II. CUPID the Pretty Plough Boy.
III. The Engliſhman's WISH.
IV. The Cobler of Caſtlebury.
V. The TOAST.
VI. ANNA, a Favourite Iriſh Song.
VII. Willy's Rare, and Willy's Fair.

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The Irish MAID,

COME all you young fellows that follows the raking trade,
I would have you beware of a bonny black Irish maid.
With a Van Du Aroon, Se Ron du.

There's French, and there's Scotch, there's English and Germany,
A few can compare, with bonny black Irish maid.) With a Van, Du.

My love's like an angel, when she' in her morning dress,
I close her sweet lips and her bosom I often press.
With a Van, Du, &c.

You talk of her beauty, and her so much do praise,
Come here Mr. Van Du, and tell me where her beauty lays.
Aran, Du Ayal, Du &c.

Her lips are like correl, her cheeks is like the damask rose,
Her teeth is like Ivory, and her eyes as black as sloes.) With a Van Du, &c.

My bonny black Irish maid, few with her can compare,
With her rosy cheeks and bonny black Irish hair.
With a Van Du, &c.

I have travel'd to Dublin, and from Dublin to

Cork and King Sail,
And in all my roving, my hobby did never fail,
With a Van Du. &c.

Was I but in Dublin, among the green cocks of hay,
I would put two ſtones over her; to keep the wind from blowing her away.
With a Van Du, &c.

Come all you young ſailors that follows the raking ſtrain,
Pray ſail over to Dublin and have her new ſteel'd again,
With a Van Du, a Roon,
A yal Du my bonny black Iriſh maid.
So there's an end to my bonny black Iriſh maid,

CUPID the Pretty Plough BOY,

AS I walk'd out one May morning,
When May was all in bloom,
I went into the meadows ſweet,
To take the ſweet perfume,
I went into a flow'ry field,
I turn'd my head a-while,
Where I ſaw Cupid the plough boy,
Who did my heart beguile.

As this young man was ploughing,
His furrows deep and low,
Breaking his clods to pieces,
Some barley for to ſow,
I wiſh this pretty plough boy,
My eyes had never ſeen,
'Twas Cupid the pretty plough boy,
With his arrow ſharp and keen.

If I ſhould write a letter,
My mind to him unfold,
Perhaps he'd take it ſcornful,
And ſay I am full bold,
I wiſh he'd prove much kinder,
And return my heart again,
'Tis Cupid the pretty plough boy.
With his arrows ſharp and keen.

A worthy rich young gentleman,
A courting to me came,
And becauſe I would not marry him,
My parents did me blame,
Adieu young man for ever,
Farewell, for ever adieu,
'Tis Cupid the pretty plough boy,
Has cauſed my heart to rue.

The plough boy hearing the lady,
Moſt ſadly to complain,
Cried, my deareſt jewel,
I will eaſe you of your pain,
If you will wed a plough boy,
For ever I will be true,
'Tis you my heart have wounded,
And I love none but you.

The lady ſoon conſented,
To be his lawful bride,
And then they went into the church,
And there the knot was tied,
So now they live in pleaſure,
For they have gold in ſtore,
The lady and the plough boy,
Each other do adore.

The Engliſhman's W I S H.

NOW England it ſeems does with troubles abound,
While falſe France and proud Spain, feign would run aground,
Rouz each loving Briton, your valour now ſhow
Yes ſhew them old England was ever their foe,
And we'll conquer thoſe bluſterers with eaſe.

This American war, to us fatal has been,
But let us hope time will ſettle thoſe matters again
Then our vengeance we'll hurl on theſe frog eaten ſoes,
Till their lillies does homage to the Engliſh roſe.

They've ſurely forgot how we beat them laſt war
Or they'd been ſo fond with old England to jar,
But our thunder ſhall ſoon bring they're gallic pride down,
For the inſults they gave to King George and his Crown.

Let them think how Wolfe dy'd for his country's ſake,
Boſcawin and Hawke in atchievments were great
Byron, How and Keppel, that's now on the main
The glory of old England will ever maintain.

Who the devil could think they'd ever us invade
When in Camp our brave ſoldiers ſo nobly parade
Except 'twas to taſte of our good Engliſh cheer,
Our roaſt beef and plumb pudding and our humming ſtrong beer.

Tho' there's many in England I've heard to ſay,
They're glad to their hearts we've loſt America.

And for old Englands ruin they a-loud would cry
But ſuch rebellious dogs ought at Tyburn to die.

Now puſh round the bumper and to the King,
Over a full flowing bowl the chorus let's ſing,
To all ſoldiers and ſailors that venture's their lives
Kind heaven preſerve here their children and wives.

The Cobler of Caſtlebury.

IT was in a Village near Caſtlebury,
A Cobler and his wife did dwell,
And for a time no two ſo merry,
Their happineſs no tongue could tell,
But to this couple the neighbours tell us,
Did ſomething happen which cauſed ſtrife,
But going to a neighbouring ale-houſe,
The man got drunk and beat his wife.

Although he treated her ſo vilely,
What did his wife poor creature do,
Kept ſnug and found a method ſlily,
To ring his heart quite through and through,
For Dick, the tapſter and his maſter,
Both perceiving of the ſtrife,
Were both in hopes by this diſaſter,
To gain the Cobler's pretty wife.

While all things went rack and ruin,
And all the furniture was ſold,
She ſeem'd to approve of what was doing,
And got from each a purſe of gold,
So now the Cobler's cares are over,
He vow's to lead an alter'd life,
To mind his work not to be a rover,
And love no other but his wife.

The TOAST.

HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Likewise to the widow of fifty,
Here's to the bold and extravagant queen,
And here's to the house-wife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
Likewise to her that has none sir,
Here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes,
And here is to her that's but one sir,
Let the, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry,
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that is merry.
Let the, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient I care not a feather,
So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And e'en let us toast them together,
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

ANNA, a Favourite Irish Song.

SHepherd I have lost my love,
Pray have you seen my Anna,
Pride of every shady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna.

I, for my home forsook,

Near yon misty mountain,
Let my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood shade and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
Until her returning,
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness chang'd to mourning.

Whether is my charmer flown,
Shepherds tell me whither,
Ah! woe for me, perhaps she's gone,
For ever, and for ever.

Willy's Rare and Willy's Fair.

WITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,
Young Willy won my heart,
A blither swain there could never be,
All beauty without art,
Willy's rare and Willy's fair,
And Willy's wonderous bonny,
And Willy say's he'll marry me,
Gin ere he'll marry any.

How came you by yon water side,
Pull'd you the rose or lilly,
How came you by yon meadows green,
Or saw you my sweet Willy,
Willy's rare, &c.

Since now the trees are in their bloom,
I'll meet my lad among the broom,
And flowers spread all o'er the green,
I'll lead him to my summer's scene,
Willy's rare, &c.

FINIS.